



A HABIT BACK OF SILVER GRAY CLOTH WITH BODY OF OXFORD GRAY SUITING.

## ELLEN OSBORN'S FASHION LETTER.

Novelties in Street and House Dresses to be Found in the Wardrobe of the Very Well Dressed Woman.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—It is true: That skirts are less tight, That sleeves are tighter, but broader on the shoulders. That street dresses are shorter, but house dresses, if possible, more long. That an untrimmed skirt, unless it belong to a severe tailor dress, is as rare as a white blackbird. That the newest bodices are made with boleros. Or, for house wear, with basques. Or with collarless corsets cut in front like stays. That the newest tailor dresses have short Eton coats, or vest jackets of allied varieties. That the redingote, the princess dress and the polonaise are leading styles. That the newest capes and victorines, in cloth or fur, have the 1820 style of drooping shoulders. That velvet gowns will be the height of fashionable elegance. That soft, brilliant, long-faced sable cloth is the most beautiful of the new materials. That cote de cheval, which looks like the sheeny coat of a well-groomed horse, and a variety of solid and silver-dusted silk and chenille-embroidered stuffs are the promising novelties. That the pastel colors, even for cloth dresses, still enjoy a vogue, and that a variety of solid and silver-dusted silk and chenille-embroidered stuffs are the promising novelties. That lace, fringe and Bonnaz work, which includes many varieties of applique and embroidery, are the approved trimmings.

**SOME WISE HINTS.** All these things being taken for granted, there are a few things also fashionable of which the wise woman and the woman who would be very well dressed should beware. The fact of the season's fashions are so extravagant that they approach the sensational, and to be sensational in dress is to copy the demimondaine who is clothed to attract notice. It is wantonness and riot of expense to patch appliques of lace or embroidery upon fur, for example, and such obvious had taste is sure to be no more than a passing fancy. Even worse are the hotch patches of heads, tails, feet and claws that pass muster nowadays for fur garments. Why a woman should wish to go about looking as if she hadn't had time to assort the trophies of her chase, but had flung them helter skelter around her neck, and had thrust the smaller beasts into her muff with their poor little paws and ears hanging down defies the explanation of Mrs. Despard.

Women are the cruellest animals in all creation, not excepting tigers, hobbledehoy school-boys and disciples of the late lamented Nana Sahib. However, the beauties of dress are a more important consideration. Here are a few costumes that in recent days have won approval: Black-green chiffon and Russian sable. The rich, heavy fur makes a flaring founce at the foot of the skirt, weighting the diaphanous material in the waist down. That adds to the grace of its impeccable cut, but that in hands less skillful would run every risk of disaster. The overdress soft and clinging, is sewn with silver sequins, and is fastened at the waist by a great clasp of turquoise and brilliant set in silver. The chiffon sleeves are very long and gleam with sequins. Turquoise blue chiffon and green velvet. The velvet forms the underskirt, which is cut so long in front, as well as at the back, that the wearer looks as if slightly raised upon a pedestal. The overdress is arranged as a princess dress with a blouse bodice laid in perpendicular tucks from under a wide velvet sailor collar, and its tucks are continued below the belt, in straight lines, to the ankle. They are laid flat so that in spite of the extra fullness at the hips, the clinging, statuesque effect is secured. An iridescent embroidery in blue and green finishes the hem of the tunic and the broad collar. The sleeves are tight, long and plain. "Dawn" pink crepe de chine. The bodice of this dress is shirred round and round from throat to waist line. From the waist down the delicate shirrings are continued well below the hips, the tunic finally breaking into soft straight folds. The underskirt and sleeves are of cream lace, and there is a tiny lace bolero. A narrow band of black velvet forms the belt, which is finished with long fringed ends. Black cloth and breitschwann. People call them cloth-and-breit. The material is laid in wide box plaits from the waist down. To the level of the knees or slightly lower, these plaits-turned under—are closed with rows of stitching. From the knees they are allowed to fall apart in rippling fullness, the falling object being pulled by the weight of many rows of

stitching. The slightly blowing bodice has a yoke of breitschwann extending down the front in a narrow vest, and a high collar of light blue velvet. The long, plain sleeves are attached from the elbow down. Then cloth, burnt orange velvet and white satin. In contrast with the gathered skirts described, this costume is made with a long redingote, slashed at the waist to give jacket fronts, and having the long, narrow skirts stitched heavily. Of the double revers the upper of burnt orange velvet, over a vest of white satin covered with an applied design of lace and cords.

### THE HABIT BACK.

The habit back has not disappeared and cannot disappear for months, because that many pretty autumn dresses which have been made in this style cannot be thrown away. It is still the leading mode with the heavier cloth street dresses, as illustrated in a costume of silver gray suiting; but for lighter materials and especially for thin evening stuffs, gathered skirts, tucked skirts, plaited skirts—fore-runners of looser, even of draped effects—already in the field.

The full skirts appear with all modesty. They do not demand much; they are simple and unassuming, rather than storm the citadel. The gathering takes the form as yet of the most scant and fine of shirrings, the plaits are fastened down with stitching or embroidery, the up and down tucks remain no freedom until their course is almost run. But she who runs may read; the signs are plain enough. By spring our variable ideals of beauty will have undergone another change. Fashions have always, like the butterfly, a short, and it is to be hoped, a merry existence. One of the prettiest dresses in the wardrobe of Miss Jay who was married a fortnight ago was a bright red broad-

cloth whose skirt had a series of perpendicular tucks running down the middle of the back and down each side of the front, giving a very easy fullness. The sleeves were also tucked perpendicularly. The bodice had a high Medici collar lined with Russian sable and extending to the waist line in the shape of outstanding revers over a vest of pale yellow lace falling in cascades. Among the costumes imported for winter wear by a woman prominent in society is a street dress of beaver brown broadcloth, the short, smart coat having an applique of Russian work in cloth and mignonette-green panne, and the skirt being finished with a deep flounce of sable. The bill was \$500.

Brading and stitching satin bands are much used upon wraps of every color. Rust brown braid on autumn green cloth being novel and effective. Applique however, is the neplus ultra of trimmings and to such extremes it is carried that cloth is set upon net and fur upon lace without any idea of the harmony and suitability of materials.

### NOT RICH ENOUGH.

Plain velvet is not rich enough, and the most elegant dresses of the season are made of silk or chenille dotted velvets in combination with lace or fur. In the wardrobe of a woman of excellent taste is a dress of golden-brown dotted velvet finished at the hem with a band of a novel, cream-toned broadcloth. The bodice of this dress has a yoke of gold-cloth with a yoke of lace and rose color. Turning down from the yoke is a large revers faced with gold cloth and edged with fur.

Among the possessions of the same woman is numbered an evening dress of pastel-green mousseline over black taffeta. Both skirt and decollete are trimmed with a multiplicity of fine ruchings, and a look of fullness is given to the skirt by a wide and heavily ruched sash behind.

In the days of autumn house parties some of the most beautiful dresses finished are tea gowns. One of delicate green crepe with violet embroidery in their natural colors is especially noteworthy. The long, trailing robe is worn over an undersleeve of violet mousseline de sole, frilled to the knees. Around the shoulder is a drape of cream with long ends falling on each side in front, like a stole. The neckline is of heliotrope velvet curiously harmonized with the other colors.

Huge group pin-ups are gaining the ascendancy over smaller ones, and boss long enough to reach the ground are driving out collarettes and the smaller capes.

### ELLEN OSBORN.

#### To Eloise.

On Her Twelfth Birthday.

Today's your birthday. Bless my soul! So you are twelve to-day! Why, dear, within the week, it seems, You came to me to play With paper dolls upon the floor— 'Twas not a day ago— And now you tell me you are twelve. Ah, met how girls do grow. Do you remember, dear, the time That you and I and Sue Spent hours and hours in searching for A big wax doll for you. And when last the quest was done We gave to you the prize, And you, to make it like the real, Did knock out both its eyes?

I cannot think you've grown so tall. Why, dear, you are to me The baby with the winsome face That I so loved to see. When mamma in her gentle arms Would hold you out and then You'd smile and speak that baby word That can't be writ by men.

To think that you are twelve to-day. How swift the years do fly! And I suppose the next To bid you adieu, good-bye. When some fair prince with manner bold Comes wooing of your hand, And while we stay, with him you'll go To some strange, foreign land.

But I don't let come such a day To take you from us here. We couldn't live without you, child. 'Twould break our hearts, my dear. Why, you're not twelve years old to-day— Come! Give your dad a squeeze— You'll never be to us aught else Than Baby Eloise!

#### —Detroit Free Press.

#### Foolish Fellow.

Mrs. Fudde (faith curist)—How is your grandfather this morning? Bridget—He still has the rheumatism mighty bad, mum. Mrs. Fudde—You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism. Bridget—Yes, mum. A few days later. Mrs. Fudde—And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism? Bridget—No, mum; the poor man thinks now that he is dead. We buried him yesterday—London Answers.

## Superstitions of Famous People.

Each Has Some Unlucky Omen, be it Friday or Other Sign; and Each an Omen of Good Luck.

It is all very well for us to laugh at superstitions, to brand them as relics of barbarism, absurd in the light of present-day civilization, and yet it cannot be denied that there are comparatively few people who are not possessed of a childish dependence upon some favorite sign or a ridiculous dread of some ill omen. Of course it must be admitted that superstition is one of the traits that have been handed down to us from a time so far in the past that it loses itself in the age of fable.

When the world was young, so young that mythology was the only science, man was beset by demons and, in fear of them, evolved strange schemes in the hope that they might enable him to escape the clutches of his enemies of the air. As the world grew older and wiser the demons retreated into space and ignorance gave place to knowledge but in spite of this the superstitions remained so firmly fixed in the human mind that hobbies of the greatest almost as strong to-day as they ever have been.

Practical men do not like to admit this, it makes the world seem so ridiculous and yet it is unquestionably true that many of the wisest, greatest and brightest men that have ever lived have ordered their lives with due regard to some of the most absurd of superstitions. The man who carries a horse chestnut in his pocket to ward off rheumatism and the woman who insists that the wearing of costly diamonds in her ears is the only remedy for sore eyes are most amusing but their ideas are no more unreasonable than are some of the pet hobbies of men and women whose positions in the world are such as to entitle them to considerable respect.

### BISMARCK AND NUMBER THREE.

Bismarck, for instance, was certainly one of the great men of the century and yet in one respect at least he was extremely superstitious. He had the most peculiar fondness for the number three and carried this idea to such an extreme that he divided his labors as well as his pleasures into three parts. Everything he did was in some manner made to associate itself with the number "three" and, whether this had anything to do with it or not, the so-called lucky number certainly played an important part in his life.

During his career he served three masters, fought in three wars, signed three treaties of peace and formed the triple alliance. Personally he bore three names and bore three titles. The armorial bearing of his family was a general he had three horses killed under him and he was the father of three children.

It is not every man who can see his favorite superstition work so systematically throughout his entire life and yet any man who is in the slightest degree superstitious dislikes to have anything interfere with this hobby. One of the most common of superstitions is the belief in lucky or unlucky days. To President McKinley Friday is a day to be dreaded and he carries his superstition to an excess. He absolutely refuses to make any public engagements for that day and has long been known to have postponed the signing of public documents for no other reason.

The Emperor of Germany has the same dread of Friday and when any engagements have been fixed for that day he always insists upon their postponement. On one occasion the staff, forgetting the superstition of the Emperor, arranged for a review to take place on Friday, Kaiser William, not thinking of the day, agreed and it was not until a few hours before the review that he bethought himself what day it was. Immediately he sent for members of the staff and the review was postponed until another day.

On the other hand, Edison, the inventor, regards Friday as the most lucky day in the week. While many have found the sixth day of the week a day of ill omen his experience has been to the contrary. Many of his most successful inventions, including the phonograph, were completed on Friday and he has often postponed the final tests of inventions upon which he has worked until that day, confident that he would thus be able to carry them out successfully. Strange as it may seem to many per-

sons of more than ordinary intelligence the cat is the most awesome of objects. For many years Queen Victoria has been the victim of this superstition. The Princess of Wales and several members of the royal family have long possessed the feminine affection for the sleek tabby but they never dared to bring such an animal into any house in which the queen was stopping.

A few months ago, however, a beautiful Persian kitten was personally presented to the queen by a little girl whom she loved very dearly. To the surprise of all who witnessed the presentation the queen went so far as to fondle the kitten, but, if the truth must be told, on returning to the castle the innocent potent of evil was relegated to the apartment of one of the princesses and has not since received the caress of the queen.

### OTHERS FEAR CATS.

The aged ruler of Great Britain, however, is not alone in her fear of the cat. As an ill omen, Lord Roberts, one of the bravest soldiers of the empire, finds an unconquerable enemy in the cat, and if he can possibly avoid it, he will not permit one of the inoffensive animals to enter his presence. A black cat is particularly awesome to him and he will decline any invitation if he knows that there is a black cat in the house.

Many actors and actresses have this superstition, but among few is it as strong as in the case of Ellen Terry, for her fear of the cat is so strong that she will not allow one in any theatre where she is playing and she insists that the only places with which she was connected that ever proved failures were those in which a black cat happened to find its way upon the stage during rehearsal.

As is probably well known those who follow the theatrical profession are often as superstitious as the proverbial gambler. Otero never goes on the stage without first crossing himself to insure good luck and some of the leading stars of the theatrical world would be almost ready to retire from the stage if they should lose the horseshoe that is so securely nailed into the lid of their trunks.

Mary Anderson always considered it an ill omen to peep through the curtain while the house was filling and Mrs. Leslie Carter, practical woman as she is, always raps three times on the wings before walking on the stage in order to banish evil influences. Mrs. Brown Potter always carries with her the "soft hind foot of a graveyard rabbit" killed by the light of the moon, and she is confident that her success is at least partially due to this potent charm.

The superstition against the number thirteen is too common to cause more than passing comment for this is a fear that has held the hearts of men and women in every walk of life for many generations. Emily Zola, however, regards an inordinate dread of the number seven. It may be said in passing that the Zola is one of the most superstitious of mortals and his entire life is hedged round by favorable signs and evil omens. On certain days he would do no work unless some circumstances and he always carries a bit of silver in his pocket against the perils of fire, flood and thunder, and a bloodstone in the belief that it will help him to be wise and courageous.

### ROBERT PHRENOLOGICAL STONES.

Such a belief in the power of precious stones is of ancient origin and is still as widely held as any superstition. The Princess Louise of Lorne wears a ring set with sparkling jet as a talisman of singular efficacy in the preservation of health. The Shah of Persia, each of his cube of amber which he believes has the power of rendering him invulnerable. Pearls are supposed to exercise a beneficial effect upon the fortunes of the Rothschild family and the German emperor believes that again will insure him long life, health and prosperity.

The czar of Russia would not think of stepping from his room without the ring in which, as he firmly believes, is imbedded a bit of the cross on which while travelling from St. Petersburg to Moscow he suddenly discovered that he had forgotten his ring. The train was instantly stopped and a messenger was sent back on an engine for it. The czar's belief in the power of King George of Greece is a belief with which an assassin once attempted to take his life. The ball lodged in the side of the carriage, from which it was extracted by the King, and it is now always worn as a potent of good fortune.

Queen Christina of Spain, has a most unique superstition. She believes that the eye of a raven, dried, pierced and worn over the heart will drive away misfortune and unhappiness. She never removes the one she wears, which was given her by her grandmother at the Austrian court before she became queen. As a people those of royal blood are just as superstitious as more ordinary individuals. The Emperor of Austria will give no decision in important family or state affairs the day following the night on which he dreamed of dead relatives or friends, and Queen Louise of Denmark always placed in the christening robes of her daughter three needles that had been used in making them, which was supposed to have insured the drawing of good omens in the matrimonial market.

Rudyard Kipling's only superstition is the desire to see the new moon over his right shoulder. Rider Haggard never writes a word for publication unless he has his scarab, to which he attaches great value as a charm. It is the original of the famous scarab in "She" and was picked up by the author in Africa. Since then he has come to regard it with a feeling that approaches veneration. Miss Bradton is another author who places superstitious value upon inanimate objects. Her particular charm is a gold mounted pen holder and she finds it absolutely impossible to write with any other pen. Not long ago she broke it and was obliged to suspend work upon her new book, until it had been sent to the jeweler to be repaired.

### THEY CAUSE NERVOUSNESS.

Use of Rocking Chairs Severely Condemned by a Physician.

"You must give me something to help me, doctor, you really must," said the woman patient. "Why, I'm a total wreck. I can't sit still a minute. I'm on the verge of prostration." She swayed listlessly back and forth in the leather chair as she spoke and looked at the doctor helplessly. He nodded gravely.

"Yes, I see," he said. "Your nerves are in a terrible condition and no mistake. I wonder," he added after a moment's reflection, "what portion of the day you spend in swaying backward and forward as you are doing now?"

The rhythmic motion of the woman's body ceased and she stared at him in surprise. "Why, my land!" she ejaculated. "What a question! I don't do this any of the time at home. I don't have to. We have rocking chairs there." The latter statement was made somewhat reluctantly, but it did not faze the doctor. "So I supposed," he said coolly, "and I've no doubt that you have often felt like denouncing doctors soundly for not having a goodly supply of them in their offices for the accommodation of nervous patients."

The woman started up the pendulumlike motion again. "Well," she returned, "I



RUDYARD KIPLING, JUST AFTER HIS SICKNESS, LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE NEW MOON AND INVOKED ITS AID ON HIS NEW WORK.

must say it would be a good deal more comfortable than having to sit in one of these straight, uncomfortable things. Whether the doctor is to be offended at her uncomplimentary reference to his office chairs or whether he had been whittling himself up to the point where he could give her a sharp professional talk it would be impossible to say, but certain it is his lecture broke loose then with vehemence.

"Now, see here," he said, "I have scores of women patients just like you. They come in here and tell me all about how their nerves are frazzled into strings and they can't sit down and they can't stand up and they can't walk nor eat nor sleep nor do this, that or the other thing. Oh, they're in a terrible condition. Well, that's right. They are in a bad fix. And so you want me to cure you? Well, I'm willing, but you've got to do your part. You cannot very well expect these devilish defects without rooting out the cause and you can't dig out the cause without throwing away rocking chairs. Oh, yes, I mean it; throw away the rocking chairs. They send more women to the grave and to the insane asylum, each year than all the sewing machines in the United States. They are at the bottom of more than half this nervous trouble you women are always complaining about, and if I had my way fully two-thirds of the rockers that now clutter up our houses would be split into kindling wood and three-fourths of the factories that are now turning them out by the hundred, be shut down. People who have never given the matter a thought have no idea how much energy is wasted in keeping a rocking chair on the go. The pretty, graceful things move very easily. I admit, being the best substitutes for perpetual motion yet invented, but for all that they eat up a vast amount of strength in the course of a day that might well be turned to more useful and less harmful ends. Why, I pity the person who suffers from the rocking chair drunk as much as I do the toper who burns his gutlet out with—"

The sufferer from nervous prostration suddenly found her voice at this point. "Oh, doctor," she protested, "don't put it that way. Don't say we get—get drunk, it sounds disgraceful."

"Does it?" said the doctor, calmly. "Well, unfortunately, I always did believe in calling things by their right names, and that's what it really amounts to. I can tell people who are addicted to the rocking chair habit the minute I clap eyes on them, and I honestly think they are the most pitiable objects I find in a day's journey. They are ever restless and fidgety and ill at ease, and when deprived of the chair their distress is manifest. They simply don't know what to do with themselves. Take yourself now for instance. You can't sit there for five minutes without getting up the rocking-chair motion. Now, I am in earnest about this. If you want to get well you must give up your rocking chair just as a drunkard gives up his whiskey. If you do that you'll come out all right. A rocking chair may be restful and helpful up to a certain point, but if taken to excess it is bound to play hob with the nerves sooner or later.—New York Sun.

### B. and O. Improvements.

The Baltimore and Ohio lines west of the Ohio river present a very busy appearance these days, as there is scarcely a ten-mile stretch without a bridge or a construction gang at work. There are still a few of the old bridges purchased last January to be erected, and almost all of the 20,000 tons of the 80-pound rails have been laid.

At several points between Baltimore and Newark, O., sidings of 100-car capacity are being constructed, and between Newark and Chicago Junction thousands of men are working on extensive grade reductions, some of the cuts and fills being two miles in length. Between Chicago Junction and Chicago nearly a score of passing sidings are being constructed, and work on these is being pushed with unusual haste, in order to complete them for the heavy winter traffic. The sidings are being built with a view of a double track some time in the future. They are to be long enough, in most cases, to hold three 60-car trains. The new east-bound yard at Garrett, Ind., is ready for the rails, and will be completed by the middle of November.

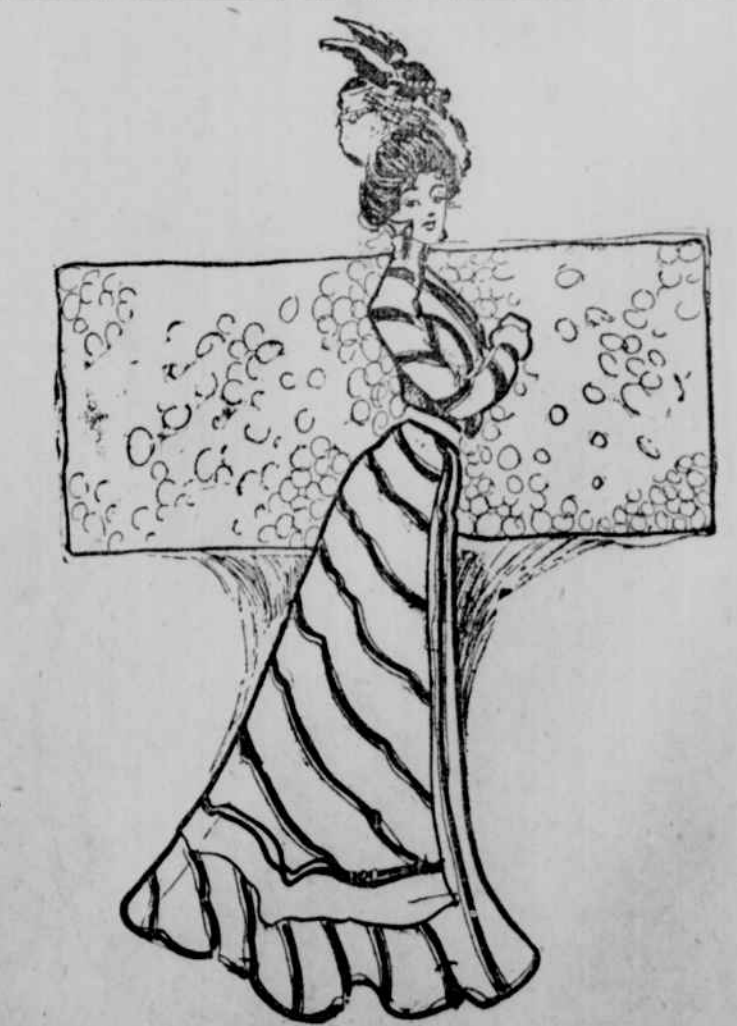
### Cupid in a Huff.

"Our engagement is off again." "What's the matter now?" "I gave her a belt buckle with my photograph on it, and she uses it to fasten her dog's collar."—Chicago Record.

The combine of Detroit's daily papers has not yet raised the boycott on labor news. Not a word concerning the convention of the Team-Owners' International Union has been printed.



TWO GOWNS IN THE WINTER WARDROBE OF A NEW YORK WOMAN DESERVE ATTENTION. ONE IS OF PASTEL GREEN OVER BLACK, NECK TRIMMED WITH RUCHINGS. THE OTHER IS A SPLENDID COSETTE IN SILK DOTTED VELVET TRIMMED WITH FUR.



AUTUMN GREEN CLOTH IS TRIMMED WITH RUSSSET BROWN BRAID, HAT SO EAR MONIZE.